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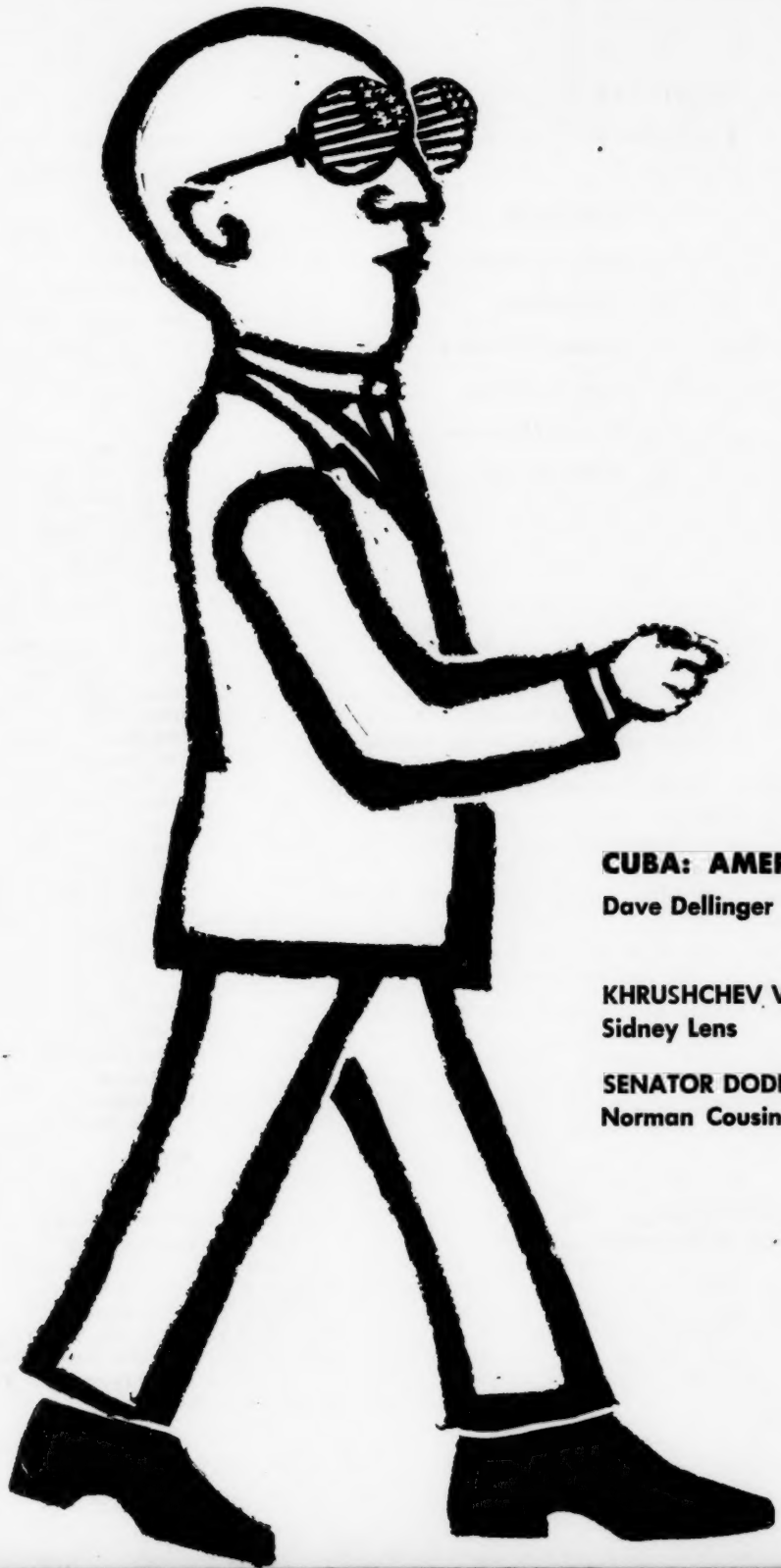

CUBA: AMERICA'S LOST PLANTATION
Dave Dellinger

KHRUSHCHEV VS. MAO
Sidney Lens

SENATOR DODD AND SANE
Norman Cousins and A. J. Muste

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In This Issue:

RUBIN FALK lives in New York City, where he is active in the peace movement.

SIDNEY LENS was a member of a delegation of American trade-unionists who visited the Soviet Union during the summer.

HERBERT SWARTZ, who lives in Boston, served as a legal officer in the Navy until the beginning of this year. Since then, he has been "scratching out a living in the private practice of law." "The Straight line" is his first published story.

KENNETH PATCHEN, who has been plagued most of his adult life with a spinal ailment, goes to the hospital in mid-January for another operation. Next month there will be another "Patchen Page."

GEORGE DENNISON has contributed criticism to *Art News* and *Arts*. He is spending a year in Hollywood writing television scripts.

MILLEN BRAND is a well-known novelist, poet and scenarist.

The cover is by VERA WILLIAMS.

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SENATOR DODD, NORMAN COUSINS, AND SANE

We announced in our November issue that Norman Cousins, co-chairman of SANE, had requested the opportunity to have an article in that issue in answer to my second article on *The Crisis in SANE*, that this request had of course been granted and the publication date for that issue postponed a week. Later, as we also stated, we received word that Norman Cousins had not been able to do the article in time for our November issue. From the message as it reached us we assumed that the article would be available for the December issue, and so announced both in LIBERATION and in other publications.

Norman Cousins has now told me that he has decided not to do the article. He gives two reasons. One is that I failed, after two lengthy conversations with him, to set forth the facts as he gave them, that he was deeply shocked as he had not expected this of me, and that on reflection he did not wish under such circumstances to write a reply.

As to this, I can only say that I naturally did not mean to misstate facts or omit relevant ones, and am not conscious of having done so. Furthermore, the draft of my article was sent to Norman Cousins, as well as others before publication with an urgent invitation to point out any errors as to facts or questionable interpretations, either for my benefit so that corrections could be made or for publication in LIBERATION. As editors we did our utmost to insure that Norman Cousins' views should be published. In both my articles I recorded my respect, and even affection for the people on the national board of SANE with whom I differed on the handling of the attack by Senator Dodd. I am sorry, nevertheless, that Norman Cousins should feel offended or grieved.

His second reason for not sending in an article is that, even though an initial mistake may have been made in the handling of the Senate Subcommittee situation, it is undesirable for SANE and its leaders to expend more time in controversy over the matter when all available time and energy should be devoted, in this highly critical period in world affairs, to work for disarmament and related activities to end the threat of nuclear annihilation. As to this, I stated in my article in the November issue: "We have no appetite for a campaign against SANE or for spearheading an opposition within SANE. We have... set down our views because silence would be taken to imply consent or at least a complacency which we do not feel."

LIBERATION does not wish to pursue a sectarian course in the peace movement. Our controversy throughout has been basically against the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, Senator Dodd, Senator Eastland, and the danger they represent to freedom and to the movement for peace.

Owing to a failure in transcribing a telephone conversation of mine with the printer, two minor errors went uncorrected in the November article. The person who represented Senator Dodd at an informal meeting with members of the SANE national board was a member of the Senator's personal staff and not of the Subcommittee's staff. The discussion was not about 38 additional subpoenas (the number not being known at the time) but about possible additional subpoenas

A. J. MUSTE

LETTER FROM NORMAN COUSINS

On receiving a copy of the above statement, Norman Cousins felt that it "did not quite fill the bill" and sent us the following letter under date of November 28, which we gladly make available to LIBERATION readers.

Dear Editors:

Some confusion exists about the relationship of the Executive Committee of SANE to Senator Thomas Dodd, of the Senate Internal Security Committee. Recent articles in LIBERATION *have tried to deal with this subject.*

It has been made to appear that SANE has been engaged in a witch hunt or that it is unmindful of civil liberties or that it has abandoned its principles in the attempt to enforce its policy barring Communists or Fascists from membership. There has even been speculation that the executive committee has turned over names to Senator Dodd for investigation.

None of these suppositions is correct.

SANE has turned over no names to Senator Dodd. It has received no names from Senator Dodd. We have made no commitments to Senator Dodd. No commitments have been made to us, other than the fact that names of witnesses, when called, would not be released to the press, that hearings would be held in executive session, and that we have the opportunity to see any public statements before release.

I have been criticized in various quarters because I have refused to denounce Senator Dodd as a latter-day McCarthy. I do not believe Senator Dodd is a McCarthy, therefore I will make no such statement, even though I have been told that this is all that is required to heal the breach, such as it is, in SANE.

I knew Senator Dodd for many years before he was elected to the Senate. We worked together in the United World Federalists. He was Connecticut State Chairman of UWF at the time I was national President. He successfully defended the Federalists against charges of unAmericanism by veterans' groups. During the 1930's he was actively anti-Nazi. He has been prominently identified with the fight for civil liberties and minority rights.

To denounce Thomas Dodd as a McCarthy is to accept the standards of McCarthy. I disagree profoundly with Thomas Dodd on the issue of nuclear testing, just as he disagrees with me. I may disagree with him sharply on other issues. But I do not make the mistake of thinking that he is not just as committed to the cause of peace as I am. Indeed, I have often been concerned by the readiness of some of my colleagues to regard a man as evil because of his violent opposition to ideas that have their complete allegiance.

On the broad issue of Communist membership in SANE, I agree completely with A. J. Muste when he says that he does not believe it is wise or workable to make common organizational cause with Communists. His long experience compels this conclusion. I respect that conclusion.

Sincerely,
NORMAN COUSINS

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With Norman Cousins' letter and my two articles before them, readers can make their own judgment as to the situation and the issues. I do not wish to rehearse the whole controversy now, but one or two closing observations are obviously required.

I do not see any reason to change what I have previously written, and feel that so far as the essential issue is concerned Norman Cousin's letter confirms my views. I am obviously not responsible for charges others may have made.

Norman Thomas is the author of the phrase "modified McCarthyism" to characterize the activities of Senator Dodd and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.

Norman Cousins praises Senator Dodd and says that he "has been prominently identified with the fight for civil liberties and minority rights." If the tense he uses—"has been"—means that he no longer regards Senator Dodd's present activities as those of a fighter for civil liberties etc., then we are agreed as to these activities of the Senator and of the Subcommittee, and it seems to me that SANE should have opposed the Senator's and the Subcommittee's intervention in SANE's affairs, as I have all along contended. If, as I regretfully take to be the case, Norman Cousins holds that the Senator's current activities on the Subcommittee still leave him in some substantial sense a "fighter for civil liberties" etc., then we differ profoundly on this political issue and this is what all the "shooting" has been about.

A similar observation must be made regarding Norman Cousins' statement that he does not "make the mistake of thinking that he [Dodd] is not just as committed to the cause of peace as I am." If what this means is that he believes Senator Dodd is subjectively sincere in urging the resumption of testing, supporting deterrence by massive retaliation, calling for increased defense appropriations and all the rest, Cousins may be quite correct, nor do I question that the Senator may in all this be passionately sincere. But in this sense, President Eisenhower, most top military leaders throughout history, De Gaulle, Khrushchev etc., etc. also regard themselves as "commited to the cause of peace" and many of them quite sincerely resent any imputation that they are not promoting peace.

So far as I am concerned, the question has never been one of imputing hypocrisy to opponents in this case or whether we ought to regard as human and capable of good, people with whom we differ politically, and treat them accordingly. I do regard and try scrupulously to treat them as such. This human obligation clearly applies also to our attitude toward Communists or anyone else. There is an equal obligation, in all such cases, not to permit this attitude, which is part of the philosophy of nonviolence, and certainly not to permit personal friendship, to confuse political judgments. In my judgment the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee which Senator Dodd heads is not a defender of civil liberties and minority rights. It is a grave menace and ought to be put out of business, at least so far as all such activities are concerned as are here under discussion. I think SANE and Norman Cousins should take the same view and should have acted accordingly.

Similarly, in my judgment Senator Dodd in his support of the Cold War, resumption of testing, massive retaliation as the guarantee of peace etc. is dead wrong, is not working for peace, and should not in a political context be cast in the image of a man "committed to peace."

A. J. M.

POST-ELECTION PROSPECTS

Those who, like ourselves, believed that the choice between Nixon and Kennedy was a toss-up could hardly have expected that the election results would present such a near-perfect arithmetical confirmation of their point of view. As these words are written, Kennedy seems certain to be the next President, even if the election should be thrown into the House of Representatives; but if he does win the popular vote it will be by a tiny margin. Had there been an average shift of less than two votes in election precincts throughout the country, Richard Nixon would be President-elect.

A further flash of light is thrown upon the situation in which we find ourselves by the fact that Kennedy's first major announcement regarding the personnel of the "new" administration was that at two vital points it was going to make sure that there was no departure from the "old." Allen Dulles was retained as head of the Central Intelligence Agency and J. Edgar Hoover as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The situation in which there is no clear difference on issues between the major parties and each claims that it can provide younger and more dynamic personnel to carry out the same basic policies more energetically and effectively than the other is, with some variations, characteristic also of other nations of the "free" world. In Great Britain, for example, there is no momentous difference either on domestic or on defense policy between the Tories and the Gaitskill wing of the Labour Party. The New York *Times* special correspondent from Bonn reports accurately that both Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union and the Social Democratic Party stand for a free market economic policy and a foreign policy based on "unbreakable" ties with the Atlantic Alliance," and so on. "Similar to the Democratic theme in the U. S. Presidential campaign, the Socialists are telling the West German electorate that they will do all the same things as the Christian Democrats and do them better," under the leadership of West Berlin's Mayor, Willy Brandt, Socialist candidate for the Chancellorship. France has, of course, already moved into another phase under the camouflaged De Gaulle dictatorship.

One of the brilliant English political analysts has used the apt phrase, "the stalemate state," to characterize the emerging pattern in the other countries mentioned. He refers primarily to the fact that "the welfare state" has been achieved. The conservatives have given up any idea of abandoning it and only want to administer it with restraint. On the other hand, socialists and liberals are at an impasse. In the "affluent societies" the dynamic for substantial social change which the working class and its organizations used to provide is lacking. Moreover, the intellectuals have for the most part failed to come up with a vision of a society which has transcended the welfare state.

The "stalemate" figure also applies, however, to the international relations and foreign policies of advanced Western countries. Here it is a "balance of terror." It is the concept of deterrence, the policy of "negotiation from strength," the mad pace of the nuclear arms race, the need to be or appear strong, united, ceaselessly suspicious, and tough over against the *enemy*, which develop an ever more rigid framework within which peoples are held and governments and politicians operate.

This development has been spelled

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out for Americans in a pamphlet entitled *Community of Fear* issued by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions at Santa Barbara, California, established by the Fund for the Republic. The authors of this study are Harrison Brown, the brilliant geochemist of the California Institute of Technology, and James Real. After a series of brief sections dealing with nuclear military technology and the effects of nuclear weapons, the authors describe the political pattern which is already largely established in this country. For example, the military and scientists feel that there can be no relaxation of weapons research. There is already a missile gap which must be filled. "No matter what is possible by way of developing deterrents, it must be pursued. Can gigaton bombs be built? We must do the work and see. Can the climate over the Soviet Union be altered? We must experiment. Can the earth be burned, broken, kept from rotating? . . . Can we make the oceans boil? All of these questions must be considered. If we don't consider them the Russians might, and if they succeeded, they would have us at a disadvantage."

The pamphlet goes on to speak of tens of thousands of scientists and technicians who have become professionally and politically involved in this business: "they are in every sense the paramilitary-civilian soldiers. . . . Should a showdown between the military and the civilian sectors occur, this group could be relied upon to staunchly back the handlers of weapons they so devotedly evolved."

As for the military elite proper, the authors assert that "the possibility is real." They exercise more control ity of a coup by the U. S. military over Congress than Congress does over the Defense Department. "Indeed, the military elite is clearly in a position to assume actual political command over the United States striking forces if there are serious signs of 'weakness' in U. S. foreign relations."

As for the civilian population, it is submitting to a trend which means that "eventually most human life will be underground." Scientists will convince them that the nation can somehow "survive the present art of killing, a broad and significant new habit pattern will have been introduced and accepted. . . . that of adapting ourselves to the idea of living in holes. From that time onward it will be simple to adjust ourselves to living in *deeper* holes."

The reason why in our opinion John F. Kennedy will not develop a program which offers some hope of peace is not that he lacks good intentions or brains. It is not that he is not aware of our failures to meet the challenge of "the hungry bloc" in Asia, Africa, Latin America. Many of his utterances on these matters are perceptive, even surprisingly radical. He will not succeed in leading us out of the crisis created by the nuclear arms race, the philosophy of deterrence and the rest, because he accepts these concepts and policies, and is fiercely determined to follow them more vigorously than the Eisenhower administration, as Nixon also promised to do.

Article I in his twelve-point program for peace set forth in a major address in the Senate on June 14, 1960, and featured in his current best-seller, *The Strategy of Peace*, proclaims:

> We must make invulnerable a nuclear retaliatory power second to none . . . by stepping up development and production of the ultimate missiles that can close the gap and will not be wiped out.

Article II asserts that "we must regain the ability to intervene effectively and swiftly in any limited war anywhere in the world." Article III calls for rebuilding NATO, and so on.

Even Reinhold Niebuhr appears at last to have abandoned these notions. In the foreword to *Community of Fear*, he asserts that "ultimately the ever accelerated pace of the arms race must lead to disaster, even if neither side consciously desires the ultimate war. That is why the old slogans of 'bargaining from strength,' and 'arm to parley' and 'deterring attack by the prospect of massive retaliation' have become irrelevant. A fresh approach is needed."

There are those who think that approaches should be made to Kennedy with various peace proposals during these weeks when the vast responsibility of the Presidential office settles down on him. If they do speak, we suggest they "speak truth to power," the truth which says that it is precisely the old approaches, the filling of the missile gap, the elaboration of the ultimate weapon and the rest, which are no longer relevant, or, more accurately, relevant only for the promotion of disaster.

Of greater potential—though perhaps not immediate—significance is a development within the pacifist movement. The Committee for Nonviolent Action, sponsor of such projects as Polaris Action and the San Francisco to Moscow Walk for Peace, has taken the initiative in preparing for a conference in February to discuss whether a movement could be promoted which would be based on a radical criticism of present society and committed to nonviolence, which might therefore develop the moral dynamic and set in motion the social and political forces which might effect the necessary changes. Pacifists also need to take a fresh look at their responsibilities. If, as we still believe is possible, a breakthrough is achieved before catastrophe becomes irrevocable, it will be because such a movement is initiated, wins support among responsible sections of the intellectual world and catches the popular imagination.

THE EDITORS

THE BASE ON HOLY LOCH

"We may think of this project as an effort to defend the ethics of Christianity against the new paganism of Moscow. . . ." N. Y. Times editorial.

To Holy Loch,
the Firthe of Clyde,
invisible, beneath the tide,
majestically, the Word doth glide.

To sermonize
the pagan breed,
to sow the good atomic seed,
to demonstrate the Christian creed.

To Holy Loch
His servants seek
to teach them how to turn the cheek,
and the earth shall inherit all the meek.

pax

Rubin Falk

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The Poor Inherit the Earth

CUBA: AMERICA'S LOST PLANTATION

DAVE DELLINGER

In my report from Cuba I have tried to present a systematic account of the Cuban Revolution, beginning with the abominable situation inherited by the Castro régime and continuing with a first-hand description of the attempts to replace poverty with plenty, injustice with justice, hatred with love, and subservience to American political and financial exploitation with political and economic independence. I have tried to let the case for the Revolution (or against it when the facts seem to add up that way) stand out in the context of the actual laws, spirit, and practice, as I came across them, rather than in terms of the all too convenient charges that appear daily in the American press. The Revolution is too thorough-going in areas that most Americans have even stopped thinking about—and the Cubans have suffered too long from American intervention—for me to pass quickly over the actual events in Cuba and rush, as the American press does, into a discussion of the Revolution as if it were just one more gambit in the Cold War. As I go along I will point out frightening discrepancies between the words uttered by our politicians and the reports printed in our newspapers, on the one hand, and the facts as I observed them, or ferreted them out, on the other hand. For the moment, I will simply give one relatively non-political example of the unreliability of the reports that appear in the United States.

During my first few days in Havana, I was constantly amazed at the number of people in the streets and other public places at all hours of the day and night. Saturday night, October 29, I first witnessed a well-attended baseball game and then joined the thirty-five thousand people who attended the Feria de la Vaca *(a fair to raise money to buy cows for the Cuban cooperatives), with its gay music and holiday atmosphere which reminded me of the Brazilian festival in the movie* Black Orpheus. *Monday morning when I was interviewing the editor of the anti-Castro* Times of Havana, *he volunteered the information that "all the small night clubs and public places are prospering like they never did before. Little places that used to be half empty are jammed every night." An hour after I left his office, I picked up the New York* Times *(available all over Havana) and read two dispatches which said that "on a sultry Saturday night, the Cubans are silent and the streets are empty," (Max Frankel) and "The country continues to be concerned today about an 'invasion'. Few people were on the streets of Havana and traffic was light." (R. Hart Phillips) I suppose that even this example is political in that the* Times *correspondents (who seem to cover very little territory and to talk mostly to other correspondents and a few upper-class Cubans) were trying to imply that morale is bad and the règime is cracking up. Every indication I found was that the Revolution has tremendous mass support and will continue indefinitely unless the United States intervenes in Cuba's internal affairs even more extensively than she has already done.*

As I write this, President Eisenhower has just officially designated the Castro government as "Communist-controlled" and announced "the first of a series of steps intended to break the grip of the Castro régime on the Cuban people." I will have a lot to say—both pro *and* contra—*about the charges of dictatorship and Communist control, but first one must understand what the Revolution is about.*

For the moment I will only make three brief comments:

1.) *If the Castro government is "Communist-con trolled," this fact is unknown to at least 95% of the Cuban people, who not only think it is not Communist but are opposed to any kind of Communist control, either from Russia or through the local Communist party, a party which was legitimized under Batista and has not been able to live down the fact that even after the end of the Batista-Communist honeymoon, it opposed Castro during practically the entire period of his revolt as a "romantitc bourgeois idealist." So determined are American newspapers to convince the public that Cuba is Communist-controlled that on the one hand they print the (ridiculous to anyone who has investigated) charge that Cubans must join the Communist party in order to get jobs, and the next day they print an article pointing out that the Communist party has deliberately kept its membership small in order to preserve its tightly controlled conspiratorial nature.*

2.) *The Cuban people have gotten such a taste of freedom that if the Communists were to gain control tomorrow, they would find it impossible to impose the kind of top-down regimentation that the American government claims they have already established.*

3.) *The shameful propaganda barrage of the disappointed American imperialists, the open support to Cuban counter-revolutionists, and the vindictive embargo are the strongest possible forces to drive the Cubans, against their will, into the arms of the Soviet*

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power bloc. The United States is trying to starve the Cuban people into revolt and the Communist countries are helping supply the needed items which the United States is withholding from them. If it is true that "by their fruits shall you know them," we should take note of the fact that to date the fruits of American democracy have been: military intervention, economic exploitation and embargo, and aid first to the Batista dictatorship and now to the counter-revolutionaries; whereas the fruits of the Communist countries in Cuba include oil, rice, light bulbs, and the "spare parts" which the United States has deliberately withheld in a conscious program of economic sabotage.

No wonder a popular song in Cuba includes the refrain (quite possibly of Communist origin): "Americans are afraid that Cuba will go Communist, but if this is communism, what's wrong with it?" But so confident are the Cubans of their ability to hold onto their newly gained independence that the current more popular refrain is: "Americans used to be afraid that Cuba would go Communist, but now they are afraid that Nikita has gone Fidelista."

> In all my travels through Europe, America, and Africa, rarely have I come across peasants who existed in greater misery than the Cuban agricultural workers.
>
> DR. JOSE IGNACIO IARAGA, 1957
> Bureau of Information & Propaganda
> Catholic University Association

> I cannot help it if the Cuban revolution sounds "too good to be true" to ignorant and biased outsiders. The present happy situation may not survive the American cold war of the next few months. But while it lasts it is the duty of the reporter to report it. E. J. HOBSBAWN
> *New Statesman* (London) Nov. 5, 1960

NOT SINCE I was in Spain in September, 1936, six short weeks after the outbreak of the Franco rebellion, have I been in such a heady atmosphere as that of Revolutionary Cuba. For the second time in my life I have seen man's cynical and self-destructive inhumanity to man being replaced by the spirit and practice of a kind of brotherhood that is unknown to those of us who live in a country whose idealism is behind it and where the "rights" of property override the rights of human beings.

In Spain the idealism was first corrupted from within and then destroyed from without in a brutalizing struggle for power between the Communists (backed by and eventually controlled from Moscow) and the Fascists (backed directly by Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany and indirectly by the United States and England). As a reader of the American press (and as a life-long student of the deterioration and corruption of previous revolutions) I went to Cuba twenty-two months after the installation of the revolutionary régime, half expecting to find that I had gone "too late" and would see that once again the Revolution (and the people in whose name it had been made) was being sacrificed to the drives for power or the sectarian preoccupations of a handful of revolutionists. I knew that Herbert L. Matthews had written: "In my thirty years on the New York *Times* I have never seen a big story so misunderstood, so badly handled, and so misinterpreted as the Cuban Revolution." I knew that a wide range of non-Communist observers, including Carleton Beals, I. F. Stone, Leo Huberman, Robert Taber, Douglas Gorsline, Lyle Stuart, and Robert F. Williams, had brought back reports that were at variance with the published reports of Cuban emigrés and American diplomats, business men, and newspapermen. But I could not help being somewhat influenced by the persistent reports in American papers of growing dictatorship and "Communist control." Not only was I greatly reassured about these questions, but I found a whole series of breathtaking accomplishments that are bound to have a permanent impact on the imagination of future generations *even if* the United States should succeed in detroying them or if, in attempting to combat counter-revolutionary pressures, Cuba should fall gradually into the hands of the kind of "revolutionist" to whom human beings are less important than dogmatic ideas or political control.

In all I spent three weeks in Cuba, and travelled from Pinar del Rio, in the west, to Santiago de Cuba, in the east, a distance of about seven hundred miles. I made a point of tracking down every kind of opposition to the régime (opponents are not hard to find) and spent hours at a time listening to religious, political, and economic objections to what is going on. Before analyzing these objections, however, I would like to summarize a few facts about pre-revolutionary Cuba. Most of these facts are available in the United States, but my experience is that they do not weigh very heavily in the thinking of the minority of Americans who have chanced upon them in some dull history book or low-circulation publication. They do not influence most American liberals as much, for instance, as do the charges that Cuba has gone Communist, Communism being an evil with which they have probably had more directly disillusioning experience. But to the Cubans, who have suffered the indignities and abuses of American domination and Cuban poverty, they are the driving force for the present revolution. To talk to Cubans is to be convinced that the Cuban Revolution has *not*

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been fashioned after any foreign revolution or from any Marxist (or anti-Marxist) theory. It has been a native response to the ugly realities of day-to-day life under the grip of a nefarious combination of American financial interests and corrupt Cuban collaborationists.

In 1898, after Cuba had been fighting for the greater part of thirty years in what was rapidly becoming a successful attempt to gain its freedom from Spain, the United States stepped in and completed the military defeat of Spanish forces in the Western Hemisphere. The United States proceeded to seize both Cuba and Puerto Rico, against the wishes of the people of these two islands, who had already formed the Joint Republic of Puerto Rico and Cuba. Cuba was not even allowed to be present at the signing of the Peace Treaty in Paris, and American military forces occupied Cuba for the next three years. During the military occupation, American business interests intensified the process that had already been begun in the war-torn 1880's and '90s of profiteering on Cuban misery, buying up the richest Cuban lands for a song. They also forced through their own version of a Cuban constitution and extorted the notorious Platt Amendment (first drawn up and passed by the United States Congress), under which the American government had the "right" to intervene militarily in order to protect American property and insure the stability of Cuban payments to American investors.

> Article III. The Government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence [!], the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the Government of Cuba.

"A Word from the Ambassador"

The troops came back again from 1906-9, in 1912, and again in 1917. (They have never left Guantanamo, although it is clear that they have no legal right to be there.) After the last American military occupation, the pattern of American control was well established. For example, Ruby Hart Phillips, the current New York *Times* correspondent in Cuba, tells in her recent book, *Cuba, Island of Paradox*, of how President Machado, one of the bloodiest of Cuban dictators, was kept in office long after he would otherwise have fallen because "the Chase National Bank, with its influence in Washington, was determined that President Machado should remain in office so long as he continued to make payments on the public works loans." (This did not even live up to the verbiage of the Platt Amendment, since American "property" was protected at the expense of Cuban "life . . . and individual liberty.") And writing of her experiences with Batista (that "charming" man with whom she and the American Ambassadors got along so well), she comments: "with Cuban officialdom trembling in their shoes as to the final action which would be taken by the United States, a word from the Ambassador was usually sufficient, and the memory of U. S. intervention in 1907 still gave an American Ambassador considerable prestige."

When Batista finally fell, on January 1st, 1959, sixty years of this kind of American control had produced the following conditions: a corrupt and parasitical Cuban upper class lived in fabulous luxury, mostly in Havana, while in the rural areas, where the wealth of Cuba is produced, only four per cent of the inhabitants were able, for example, to eat meat. (This and most of the following statistics are taken from a little pamphlet put out by the (anti-Castro) *Buro de Informacion y Propaganda, Agrupacion Catolica Universitaria, Havana.*) Only 2.12% were able to eat eggs, and less than one per cent fish; only 11.22% drank milk, and 3.36% had bread. To put it simply, the Cuban agricultural worker and his family lived on beans and rice. In one of the richest farm lands in the world, capable of producing a variety of healthy foods, the interests of the big sugar producers (two-thirds of them American) forced through a one-crop culture under which Cuba had to import seventy per cent of the food she consumed —and under which a majority of Cubans could not afford to buy the kinds of food that are ordiarily considered necessary for the sustenance of life. Little-discussed aspects of the "philanthropic" sugar quota (instituted in 1934 as part of Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor" policy, a policy toward which the Cubans are less than enthusiastic) are: 1) that the profits went to the big producers, not the Cuban people; 2) that this provided an automatic subsidy to American beet-sugar producers who could not compete on the world market; and 3) that in return for the quota, Cuba was forced to import foodstuffs from the United States at preferential tariffs that paid off handsomely to the American exporters.

Under this artificially induced one-crop, short-season culture, the vast majority of Cuban agricultural workers were employed at most four or five months a year. Under the Batista régime, the average rate of unemployment was one man in four. This means that every year unemployment was roughly equivalent to that of the United States in the worst year of the depression of the 1930's. And there was never any "relief" or unemployment insurance. In the Catholic survey from which I have been quoting, 73.46% of those interviewed said that the thing they wanted more than anything else "in order to improve their situation" was "work."

In rural Cuba before the Revolution, forty-eight per cent of the adult population was illiterate. Sixty-four per cent of the people had *neither* indoor toilets

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nor outdoor privies; only 2.08% had indoor toilets, and 3.24% running water. The average *per capita* income in all of Cuba was six dollars per week—which, of course, meant considerably less for the poor, since this average included the income of the urban upper classes.

I saw with my own eyes the miserable *bohios* in which most of the rural population lived and in which many still live—wretched huts made from the bark of palm trees, with roofs thatched from palm leaves, and in many cases with dirt floors. Many an American dog lives in greater comfort. Less than thirty miles from the pretentious luxury of the Havana Hilton hotel (now renamed the *Habana Libre*, and available to Cubans at rates approximately one-fifth the former rates), even today I saw peasants tilling the soil with crude wooden plows, women carrying pails of water down long dirt roads, and oxen pulling home-made sledges or carts with home-made wooden wheels.

Gambling and Prostitution

Under these conditions, and because of an almost complete absence of medical care of any kind, the death and disease rates were astronomical. In Latin America as a whole, according to a recent study made by the United Nations, forty-four per cent of the children die before they reach five years of age. In Cuba, after sixty years of lavish American profits, of those who survived, a disproportionate number of the girls found their way to the cities, where they became, at the ages of twelve and thirteen, whores for jaded American tourists. Meanwhile Batista and his henchmen grew rich from the "take" of both prostitution and gambling. The National Lottery alone earned a net profit of almost 215 million dollars during the last seven years of Batista's reign, besides supporting, at the time of his fall, 3,684 persons who rendered no useful service whatsoever. As the revolutionary government commented, in the preamble to its gambling reform law: "the contaminated millions of dollars of gambling profits had been used to maintain political parties, buy votes, and enrich Congressmen." Now the slot machines have been abolished, and most of the casinos are shut down. The profits from the remaining casinos "go to the support of the aged, the invalid, the blind, and for other welfare activities." (Article 8, Revolutionary Reform of Gambling) As a substitute for the National Lottery, bonds are issued by the National Institute for Savings and Housing (INAV) and weekly drawings are held to award prizes to the purchasers. The bonds rise in value from 40% in the first year to 110% after the fifth year, at which time they become interest-bearing. From the sale of such bonds alone, ten thousand new houses were constructed during the first year. (Cuba's population is about six and a half million.) This was two thousand more houses than had been built in the year of heaviest construction under Batista. I do not have statistics for the first ten months of this year, but I saw *bohios* being replaced by INAV houses, all over Cuba. Under the new law, a house which would have cost $15,000 when built by private constructors under the dictatorship and would have required a $2000 down payment and minimum monthly payments of $54 is now sold for $5400, with no down payment and with monthly payments of $15.01. An interesting requirement is that the payments must be made from the earnings of one's own labor.

In 1952, Fidel Castro, one of a series of Cubans who resented the conditions and was determined to do something about them, ran for election to Congress. But the elections never came off. Batista used the army to seize control. Fidel filed a brief in court, protesting the violations of democratic procedure, but Washington had already recognized the Batista dictatorship as the "legitimate" government. When Castro's brief was thrown out of court, (where was the American Ambassador, before whom Batista "trembled in his shoes"?), he turned to armed revolt. For the next seven years of growing rebellion, Batista was supplied with millions of dollars worth of American arms, which had no purpose except to maintain his bloody régime. A permanent American military mission trained and supervised his forces. When the Batista air force bombed the city of Cienfuegos in September 1957, killing several thousand Cubans with American-made bombs, the United States Air Force officially decorated the Cuban general who had directed the bombings. He had been a good pupil.

Since I have been back in the United States, one of the questions I have been frequently asked is why Castro rants and raves so against the United States. I think that if people would take the trouble to read the full English texts of what he says (and to study the history of Cuba-United States relations), rather than get their impressions ready-made from the commentators and headline writers, they would find his statements remarkably restrained and accurate. Castro's speech to the United Nations General Assembly is an example of a carefully reasoned statement that is widely attacked by those who have not bothered to read it. But in any case, how many Americans realize the full fury of the assault that was levied against Castro by American-trained, American-supplied armies? When Batista made his last big attempt to wipe out the Castro forces, he sent thirteen thousand American-trained troops against Castro and his three hundred men. First they dropped American napalm bombs in the mountains where the rebels were located; then they strafed

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them with American bullets from American guns. Then they advanced with American Sherman tanks and bazookas, and American machine guns. Castro survived because of the rugged mountain terrain—and because of the support of the overwhelming majority of the surrounding farmers. But is it any wonder that he has a somewhat different attitude toward the "free" and "peace-loving" American "democracy" than do most American liberals? Who are we to object if he now tells the truth about Cuba's poverty under American domination and about America's current attempts to overthrow him?

While I was in Cuba, the Miami *News* published accounts of airplanes that left Florida to bomb Havana, but had failed to get through Cuba's anti-aircraft defenses. This made a somewhat different impression on me, in crowded Havana, than it might have if I had read it in New York as a half-buried item in the back section of an American paper whose front page was headlining charges that Castro had gone Communist because he had received a shipment of anti-aircraft guns from Czechoslovakia. In Havana I became acquainted with three different young men who had been put in prison in the United States, during the Batista dictatorship, for buying guns for Castro. Is it insolent of them to complain that anti-Castro forces are training today with impunity (and with the encouragement of our President-elect) and that a sizable force of counter-revolutionaries is receiving military training in Guatemala in a heavily guarded area that the Central Intelligence Agency recently purchased with a million-dollar expenditure of American tax money?

In December 1956, there were only twelve men in the mountains (sole survivors of a landing force of eighty-two) heading up the fight against Batista. But as the struggle progressed, Castro was joined by more and more persons from every walk of life. The intensity of the conflict ripped the mask off the Batista régime and revealed it to be so corrupt, bloody, and tyrannical that all decent Cubans gradually united against it, *whatever their political, religious, economic, or social ideas.* Castro had presented the main outlines of his program in 1953, in his famous "History will absolve me" speech, after the attack on Montcado Fortress (now an impressive school, which I visited), but it was inevitable that he was joined by many relatively honest politicians and just plain decent citizens who were less interested in economic revolution than in overthrowing the stinking Batista. The later defection of large numbers of these people was inevitable in the face of Castro's determination not just to sweeten and legitimize the old forms of exploitation but to replace them with revolutionary economic and social forms. Once the victory was accomplished, all of those whom the American press likes to call "original supporters of Castro" could not have united on *any* program—whether right, left, or center. The fact that Castro was more responsive to the needs of the peasants (who more than any other single group were responsible for his survival) and the poor than to the hopes of the middle-class politicians who expected to reap "legitimate" personal rewards was bound to lead to dissatisfactions among a considerable number of his early, liberal supporters.

As I saw the thorough-going nature of the Cuban Revolution, it seemed quite logical to me that it would be supported, as I found it was, by an overwhelming majority of the peasants and workers whom it has benefited, and that it would be opposed (as I also found it to be) by large numbers of conventionally honest but personally ambitious and overprivileged members of the middle and upper classes. (A study made by the Princeton University Institute for International Social Research, in April and May, 1960, showed that "opponents were concentrated in Havana, and the opposition tended to grow in proportion to income and age." [New York *Times*, August 2])

The thing that surprised and excited me was the number of former liberals who have grown with the Revolution and enthusiastically support it even though it means a lessening of the personal incomes and privileges they might otherwise have expected. (The Princeton study found that "even among upper income groups seven or eight out of every ten continued to speak favorably of the régime.") As a somewhat typical example of the spirit of idealism that has caught up so many of these people, I can cite the Cuban oil technician who told me without any self-consciousness (when I asked him, as I asked almost everyone I talked with, how much money he was earning) that he had turned down a $200-a-month increase in salary, when he replaced a departing American engineer, because he thought that the government should use the money in its program to help the poor. Then there are the thousand teacher volunteers who went to the Sierras for six months' training in the rigorous mountain conditions—without pay, without comforts, and, according to the terms of Castro's invitation, with the knowledge that they would not always have enough to eat. (After the training period, they receive regular salaries, as teachers.) When I was on the edge of the Sierra Maestras, at the bumpy end of the last new road under construction, I saw a second lot of five hundred volunteers starting out, on foot and with packs, to get acquainted with the living conditions of the people whose children they were going to teach. The day I left Havana, a brilliant young career diplomat in the Cuban State Department told me that he had just volunteered to spend six months in the mountains, under similar conditions, while attending a special training school

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for diplomats. He said: "Castro wants the people who represent Cuba abroad to be personally acquainted with the conditions of the country we are representing."

Agricultural Reform

The first revolutionary step taken by the new régime (which hit Americans directly below the belt in their sensitive pocketbook area and led to speedy political reprisals) was the reform of agriculture. The Land Reform Law of May 17, 1959 pointed out that "1.5% of the owners possess more than 46% of all the farm land of the country" whereas "seventy percent of the farms occupy less than twelve percent of the nation's farm land . . . . The existence of large leaseholdings . . . not only runs counter to the modern concept of social justice but constitutes one of the factors that shape the underdeveloped, dependent structure of the Cuban economy . . . [under which] national income depends on production for export."

Article I declared: "Large landholding is hereby prohibited. The maximum area of land that a natural or juridical person may own shall be 30 *caballerias* [990 acres]. Land owned . . . in excess of that limit will be expropriated for distribution among the peasants and agricultural workers who have no land." Certain exceptions were made, up to a maximum of 3300 acres in the case of efficiently managed, unusually productive land, and in the case of cooperatives.

The law declared an area of 66 acres to be a "Vital Minimum" for a peasant family of five and provided that the land necessary to provide such a vital minimum be awarded "free of charge to tenant farmers, subtenant farmers, sharecroppers or squatters."

Provisions were made for the setting up of Agricultural Cooperatives "formed by peasants or agricultural workers for the purpose of utilizing the soil and harvesting its produce through the personal efforts of the members."

The expropriated lands were paid for in twenty-year bonds, backed by the national government and bearing 4½% interest. The valuations were based on *the declarations made by the owners for tax purposes,* a basis which enraged the American corporations, which had been draining huge profits and dodging taxes for decades.

In my visits to cooperatives in Pinar del Rio and Oriente, I found that there is a wide variety of forms and sizes, depending on the agricultural conditions of the locality and the desires of the members. Some cooperatives are under the direct supervision of INRA (the National Agrarian Reform Institute), which appoints managers and provides agricultural experts. Others were formed when groups of peasants got together to set up their own completely independent cooperatives, and for these the only connection with INRA is that they rent machinery from it (at the simple cost of a day's wages for the operator), or secure credit, with the only restriction being that the credit department of INRA inspects their books. In all cases, there is a fantastic contrast between the modern sanitary houses, with toilets, showers, refrigerators, and electric stoves (only 7.26% of rural Cuba had electricity before the Revolution) and the primitive, often dirt-floored *bohios* of the surrounding countryside. No wonder observers have commented that for these people the Agricultural Reform leaped several centuries in a few months. I had serious questions in my mind, however, about the possible spiritual price—and loss of freedoms—involved in these material advances. Had the beneficiaries exchanged impoverished subservience to an absentee sugar baron for more sanitary and prosperous subservience to an all-powerful state?

After talking freely with dozens of members and several managers, and asking every relevant question I could think of, and especially after observing the exhilarating atmosphere of freedom, self-reliance, and individual initiative, I was convinced that there is no present evidence of overweening state control, thought control, or suppression of meaningful freedom.

Sometimes in the presence of a manager, and more often when alone with a member, I explicitly asked about the dangers of state control and probed the same area indirectly by asking how specific decisions were made, about freedom to join or leave (it was always an occasion for amazement that I even considered that anyone might not want to join or might want to leave), freedom to take a day off, freedom of movement, etc. I observed that the presence of a manager caused no more change in the member's conversation or pace of work than the presence of a member or relative. I found that even in a cooperative where ninety per cent of the

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KHRUSHCHEV VS MAO

SIDNEY LENS

THE POLES, quick to turn their impotence to humor, are saying these days: "We're lucky to have such a big buffer state between ourselves and China."

Behind this wry jest is a large morsel of political wisdom. The Communist world is in the midst of the most intense ideological conflict since that between Stalin and Trotzky in the 1920's. Chinese Communism has become the pole of attraction for a hard, dogmatic policy; Soviet Communism is in a major liberalization process.

Many Americans will dismiss this dispute as a mere play on words, or a simple power struggle. A decade of mccarthyism has paralyzed our critical faculties. We look on Communism in all-black terms—all-evil, all-ruthless, all-conspiratorial, all beset on military expansion. Our image of the adversary does not permit of a "good" Communist, or even a "better" Communist.

The Soviets for their part also underplay their differences with the Chinese. When I asked a Russian union official this summer about this conflict, he replied: "Your bourgeois press is deliberately exaggerating. Our differences with the Chinese are merely ones of emphasis. We are firmly united." This, of course, is persiflage and my informant knew it. A division of opinion as to whether war is inevitable is more than a matter of emphasis. But the Russians feel they must present to the world an appearance of unity and infallibility, and they intend to keep the family quarrel locked in the closet as long as possible.

When one tours the Soviet Union, however, it soon becomes obvious that the Russo-Chinese dispute is tied to a major transformation within the Soviet Union itself. The very dynamism of the Communist system causes the eruption of new issues that ceaselessly create fissures in the ranks. Contrary to the American image of Communism as an undifferentiated mass of black reaction, no other political force in history has had so many serious cleavages. And so pivotally placed is Russia in the scheme of international affairs that each of these disputes has been of the utmost importance not only to the living standards of the Russian people but to world peace.

After Lenin died in 1924 there was a three-cornered conflict between Stalin, Trotzky and Bukharin. And in the years that followed Stalin's seizure of absolute power, conflict never ceased: it was merely squelched.

After Stalin died in 1953, there was a new eruption of factionalism within the citadel of Communism. Beria was liquidated by the combined power of the party leadership and the army—because he evidently intended to fashion a new police state under his own aegis. And in the ensuing years another three-cornered imbroglio took place; the leaders now: Malenkov, Khrushchev, Molotov; the underlying issue: how to advance economically. Russia had already recovered from the ravages of war. Its people were demanding the easier life which had been promised to them for decades. How much to satisfy that demand for higher living standards became the focal point of new factionalism. Malenkov favored a substantial increase of consumer goods. Molotov, mired in his Stalinism, insisted on continuing the old course with only minor modifications. Khrushchev, the man in the middle, defeated both in a contest for power, while accepting most of Malenkov's basic premises in the process. Under the new leadership there has been a consistent growth in living standards, and consequently an abatement of terror and fear.

Once again, however, the internal course of events in Russia flows from divergent estimates of the danger of war, and is encased in ideological trappings. Could a *modus vivendi* be worked out with the West? Was a prolonged period of peace possible? If it were *not*, then the only course would be to continue the overemphasis on heavy industry and war *materiel*, still postponing satisfaction of human needs. If peace was possible, the régime could afford to relax and slowly bring up consumer goods production.

Khrushchev's régime, of course, is still totalitarian:

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no organized countervailing power is permitted in the Soviet Union. But the new leaders have responded to individual pressure to an extent undreamed of in Stalin's day. Purge trials were abandoned; not even Molotov or Malenkov were arrested. They were merely given minor jobs as a sign of demotion. In a series of amnesties, tens of thousands of political prisoners were released from labor camps. The slave camps themselves no longer exist in the old form; even the American Embassy concedes this point. Arrest without warrant is—from all accounts —now unknown. The administrative trials, in which prisoners were "tried" by the secret police without being present to conduct their own defense, are now *passé*. Workers continue to carry internal passports and labor books (in which their job record is posted), but they are no longer afraid to quit their jobs. They are not arrested for being late or absent, as in the past. Plant managers are no longer fearful of being sent to prison if they make a wrong decision, as under Stalin. The penalty for such transgressions now is merely reprimand or discharge, as in the West.

Criticisms from Below

After the 20th Congress speech by Khrushchev in 1956, when he denounced Stalin, there was a considerable widening of the area of popular participation. The Communist Party itself today functions more loosely. I was told, both by American sources and Russian Communists, for instance, that after Khrushchev returned from the torpedoed Summit conference in Paris last May he was criticized in a number of lower Party units for refusing to participate in the talks, on account of the U-2 incident. Such criticisms could not have been made a few years ago. They cannot—even today—be made effective through the organization of a caucus or a faction, or through public airing in the press. But the fact that there is such criticism on important points indicates the transitional character of Khrushchev's régime. It has replaced naked terror with *subtle pressure.*

The Russian citizen is still made to conform, but the weapon used for that purpose is not terror. If he refuses to bend to the will of the Party he finds himself losing a bid for a better job, for securing a new apartment, or getting a college scholarship, or not being offered a low-cost vacation. In extreme cases he may be demoted; he may even be sent for psychiatric treatment. But the excesses of Stalinism are no longer evident.

Simultaneously there is a considerable accretion of consumer goods. During the present seven year plan, the state will build twenty-two million dwellings—enough to house one-fourth of the Russian population. For thirty years the government neglected this amenity. True, it had a major task of repairing war damage—but so did all other industrial nations. In no advanced country, including Japan, have I ever seen such abysmal housing conditions. The average two-to-four-member family lives in a single, ancient, run-down room. It shares kitchen and toilet with from three to seven other families. Thousands of cases hit the courts because a housewife overstays her time in the kitchen or clutters it with her belongings. When Khrushchev finally arranges for a private kitchen and toilet for every family he will be Russia's national hero.

Other consumer needs, in addition to housing, are also being met. There are still lines for eggs, furniture, shoes, and scores of other items. But from year to year the lines grow smaller, goods more plentiful. The quality is still poor. Yet the average citizen feels hopeful for the first time in thirty years; he can see the better tomorrow on the horizon.

This, then, is Khrushchev's new internal policy: abatement of fear, increase of consumer goods. It is a form of Communism that differs from that of Tito and Gomulka on the one hand, and that of China on the other. Tito and Gomulka permit private individual farms; Khrushchev does not. In Poland and Yugoslavia there are some private factories or stores—employing only a few people each. In Russia there are absolutely none. In Yugoslavia there is a "free market." Individual factories, even though owned by the state, compete with each other in price and quality for consumer allegiance. The individual is involved in running his apartment building and his factory to an extent unknown in any other Communist country. Parenthetically I might point out that so long as it is impossible for loyal opposition groups to make their voices heard in Yugoslavia the theory is better than the practice. Yet the "self-management" theory, the workers' councils, and competition are drastically different from the doctrines that prevail in Russia.

The Question of Peace

What is most important is that the changes in Russia are now woven into an ideological fabric. It isn't only that Khrushchev speaks of "coexistence" with capitalism. Stalin too put forth feelers for a tactical *détente* with the West. But Khrushchev goes further. He says that capitalism can exist without major wars. It *may* not, but it *can*. He argues against the rigid Chinese Communist doctrine that in the final analysis war with capitalism is inevitable. "The peoples of the socialist states," said *Pravda* in June, "cannot be of two minds as regards the question of war and peace. They think that under present conditions there is no fatal inevitability of war and that disarmament is not only necessary but possible." On the other side, Liu Cheng-shen in a speech made the same month, insisted that "with

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imperialism and the exploiting system still in existence, wars ... are still unavoidable. The belief that wars of this kind can be avoided is entirely wrong and contrary to fact." General Fu Chung, in October, put it even more sharply. "In a class society, wars are inevitable by nature. War is a historical phenomenon of the class society. As long as classes exist there'll be armies, arms and war. To think that wars can be avoided forever before classes are eliminated by the human race is nothing but naive illusion." Chinese leaders are said to believe that even if half their population were wiped out in a nuclear holocaust the remaining half would survive to dominate the earth.

Khrushchev's Revisions

Khrushchev has entered a severe demurrer to this rigid thesis, and in so doing he opens a new vista for Soviet Communism. Put in logical sequence his doctrine adds up to the following:

1.) In the present revolutionary age capitalism no longer has the same impulsions to make war. Standard Marxist doctrine had it that all capitalist societies are plagued with surpluses of goods and capital. Therefore they must compete for markets with other industrial powers, must eventually seize colonial areas, and finally go to war when the supply of colonies is exhausted, or the need for markets can be satisfied only through military action. Khrushchev says that capitalism in the present period can *avoid* the cycle that leads to military conflict.

2.) Since this is so, Russia can coexist with the West. The path to this cherished goal may be thorny but it can be achieved.

3.) If war is not inevitable the Soviets can now alter the relations between heavy goods production and consumer goods in favor of the latter. The country can begin to satisfy pent-up human needs.

Khrushchev's internal policy of abating fear and increasing consumer goods is thus directly linked not only to his external policy of coexistence but to a revised theory of the nature of capitalism. Whether the Soviet leader will draw the logical conclusions from this remains to be seen. But he is obviously jettisoning not only the theory of the inevitability of war but of the inevitability of revolution as well. He is conceding that capitalism can *evolve* to a stage of socialism.

The Chinese, and other Communists, refuse to make this ideological transition. Like many of our hidebound capitalists in the West, they view the world in static terms. They have failed to take into account the fact of world revolution that has altered all of the old conceptions of capitalist dynamics.

Khrushchev, of course, is not a saint. His hands are bloody with many of Stalin's crimes and the Hungarian terror of 1956. I doubt very much if a man so deeply compromised will make the full ideological and social breakthroughs involved in his sketchy new theories. But he has at least begun a new and hopeful development.

If the whole Soviet policy internally and externally is geared to a genuine competitive coexistence, this means that Americans definitely can come to an understanding with the Soviets on disarmament and nuclear testing. It means that mounting pressures within the Russian orbit will insistently channel its direction *towards* democracy. It means that the whole militaristic policy of the United States, wrong to begin with, is now exposed as doubly wrong. And it means finally that Russian Communism will become increasingly attractive to the underdeveloped new nations now emerging or flowering in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Thus America's defeats in the Cold War, which have been mounting during this last decade, will now accelerate—unless we too find a new non-militaristic way of joining the revolution of rising expectations.

It may be that the present Khrushchev-Mao differences can be reconciled. Perhaps some formula will be found to postpone a final reckoning. But the ideological differences will inevitably rise again. The battle between Communist "hards" and "softs" is inexorable. In the post-war era it began with Tito's break from Stalin. It was followed by such events as the 1953 East Berlin rising (in which thousands of "soft" Communists participated), the Poznan strikes of 1956 (led by lower rank Communists), the Polish October uprising in the same year (organized by Communist "revisionists"), and the Hungarian Revolution (sparked by the Communist Petofi circle, Communist students, and "soft" Communists like Imre Nagy and Pal Maleter).

This contest between hards and softs rages in every Communist party in the world today. In the Italian Communist Party, it is the softs who predominate. In India, S. A. Dange leads the moderate liberal Communists against B. T. Ranadive, who guides the hards. Dange took India's side in the Ladakh dispute with China; Ranadive gave circumspect support to the Chinese seizure of this territory from India. In Northern Viet-Nam, the softs seem to predominate; in Albania, the hards. Even in China itself there doubtless are important leaders on both sides of the argument, as there must also be in Russia. The soft theory of "let all flowers bloom," promulgated a couple of years ago in China, was not a trick or a means of catching oppositionists off-guard, but an indication that momentarily the moderates had carried the day.

The Chinese softs are evidently in retreat at the moment, as Mao formulates the Chinese version of Stalinism. But looking at the overall situation, it is clear that

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the pressures within Communism for liberalization must accelerate. The Soviet national product is now a respectable two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty billion a year. Though Russia's steel mills are capable of only one-half the American production, they are more modern than ours and their actual output these days is only ten million tons less per year than the American. During the coming few years, meat production will double, the chemical industry will triple. There is considerable evidence that much production is wasted in Russia as a result of poor distribution. Nevertheless the nation is no longer an "underdeveloped" country in any sense. The Soviet Union is increasingly able to satisfy both the demands of its industry and, to a large extent, of its people. And as it does, new pressures are generated for further relaxation, for further abatement of fear, for further satisfaction of human needs.

One fine day in the not too distant future the pendulum of Soviet life will turn to a total revisionism. Indidual dissent will then form into *institutional* dissent, with citizens permitted to *organize* their points of view. That will be the moment of the great historical turning point for Communism. The unions will no longer be an adjunct of state power but an instrument for exerting labor pressure. The press will no longer be a vehicle for only conformity but also for dissent. The Party will tolerate factions again, and there may emerge eventually a multi-party system.

To Americans inured in a rigid estimate of Communism, this may sound like a pipe dream. But realistic capitalists like Averell Harriman also see this possibility. After a trip to the Soviet Union last year he wrote that the pressure for freedom "will make itself felt as the immediate demand for material needs is met." Those demands *are* being met, and I think that the pressure for freedom is definitely increasing.

Right now the tempo of Communist development differs from country to country. In Russia, where the economy is fairly advanced, the potential for liberalization is greater than in China, which is only beginning to break into the twentieth century. In Yugoslavia, which conducted its own war against Nazism, the liberalization process is more advanced than in Russia. In Poland, where Communist revisionists organized mass action against Stalinism in 1956, there is also a greater relaxation than in Russia—though there have been a number of steps backwards in recent years. But at one tempo or another, as the Communist world solves some of its knotty problems, it veers away from the worst aspects of its totalitarianism. The first part of this process is negative: the ending of terror. The next part, if internal pressures continue, will be the positive enhancement of democratic prerogatives. I do not say that this will come easily, or that it may not be accompanied by revolution, as in Hungary. But the direction does seem to be inexorable.

The Khrushchev-Mao conflict is one phase of this process. In the short run, the Maoists may gain some victories, particularly in appealing to other underdeveloped nations. In the long run the whole Communist world must be basically transformed—far beyond what even Khrushchev is willing to do today.

For us in the West the ideological conflict within Communism indicates once again that we have been dealing with the whole problem falsely. Instead of relying on the balance of military terror to "deter" Communism—a policy that can only strengthen the Communist hards—we ought to develop a program that will help Communism evolve in the direction of freedom. If we had not pursued our militaristic course, if we had not been the prop for the world *status quo* these last fifteen years, China today would be less intransigent and Russia would already have travelled much further. But our own hard, militaristic policy only aids the Stalinist elements behind the Iron Curtain. It strengthens them in their theme that "war with capitalism is inevitable and we cannot therefore accord either democratic rights or more consumer goods." A little less bellicosity by our State Department and a little more willingness to disarm and to help the underdeveloped nations complete their revolution would have helped soften Communist bellicosity. By relying on militarism we have been our own worst enemies; we have given support to the very enemy we have been presumably fighting.

SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER

Senator Barry Goldwater, Arizona Republican says that "where fraternities are not allowed, communism flourishes."

He singled out Harvard University as a seat of learning that, he said, is a non-fraternity institution that permits Communist and Socialist philosophies to breed what he called a faithless generation.

"We look more and more to fraternities to provide our future." . . . In his speech he called the fraternity system "a bastion of American strength." *New York Times, Nov.* 27

MICHELINE POUTEAU, French Teacher on Trial for Opposition to the Algerian War

"I am a teacher, a professor of English in a *lycée* of Neuilly As a teacher, I have the duty not only to teach techniques but also moral ethics to French youth, to try to inculcate certain principles."

Among these principles, which honor France, there is respect for man, for the right of people to decide their own fate and even, I believe, for a certain revolutionary dynamism. . . Even as I taught these principles. I found myself in a time when completely different principles were being asserted.

"Caught in this contradiction, I searched for a way out." She risked prison and social disgrace, she said, precisely because "the place I had made for myself in society obligated me to a total engagement."

quoted by Joseph Barry in the New York Post

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HAD GENERAL GRANT BEEN A XMAS TREE

you could take some little colored children – of which there aren't any other kinds – and explain to them that the reason he got drunk so much was because he knew they'd chop him down and smear him over with tin stars and fake snow and any other bloody rot they could dream up to make people believe it wasn't miracle enough just being a tree! That it was somehow more beautiful and wonderful (not to mention more profitable) to pretend you had something stuck there in the livingroom called "The Mystery Of The Christ Child." But, children (you'd warn them), at that rate, the next thing you know they'll be saying that you've had some kind of thing done you called "BEING CREATED EQUAL"! – And not only that..! "But regardless of your "race," "creed," and "color"!!" Look at them, children! Just look at them! Look at these insane, slavering excuses for men! Equal! Equal ... they tell you! Not as a first step, mind you – but as a goal! as a heritage! as a glorious fulfillment – as a closing of ranks...

And the horror is, – that this time, this time... they're telling the truth.

– Kenneth Patchen

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THE STRAIGHT LINE

A STORY BY

HERBERT SWARTZ

JIM FLANAGAN parked his ten-year-old coupe in front of his house, and then walked purposefully in like the Marine Corps captain he was. He exchanged greetings with his wife Nancy—standing by the sink in the kitchen—on the move, and without hesitation or a sideways glance strode to a closed door in the hall. Opening it, he entered the Flanagans' dining room, along one side of which Jim had built a clothes closet for his uniforms. He gave the room a brief investigative glance before re-shutting the door. "Daddy will be right out." he spoke aloud to his oldest daughter Kathleen, four, who had trailed him to the threshold of the dining room. Neither Kathleen nor her two-year-old sister were allowed in.

He placed the brown gloves he had been carrying palm-to-palm on the table, first smoothing out the wrinkles. He removed his green Eisenhower jacket and carefully put it on a hanger in the closet, checking the wrist and midriff bands for any hint of fraying. His hat he grasped by the sides, removed, and ever-so-cautious not to smudge the highly polished and bright leather visor, placed it too on the table. From a drawer in the desk, he brought out a clean and unused buffing cloth which he laid over the visor. Attacking his tie, he first undid the wire collar stay pinned into the wings of his khaki shirt. The tie was loosened, but not unknotted, and then looped over his head. Once a properly regulation knot had been made, a tie might last three months this way before the thinner end would start to unravel. His shirt he hung over a chair, and surveyed the back. Too wrinkled, he thought, and took it up, unpinned the silver captain's bars on either tip of the collar, and the two campaign ribbons over the left front pocket. From the middle drawer of the desk, he grasped a little, white pocket ruler which he applied to the collar of the fresh khaki shirt he had taken from the closet. Three fourths of an inch up, and one and a half inches over, he made a small pin prick in each collar wing. Before inserting the bars, he gave each five brief rubs with a corner of his skivvy shirt. With the aid of the ruler, he fastened the chest decorations in their exact location.

This done, he sat down on the chair to remove his shoes. From the flush that broke on his face, it was obvious that these were his major accomplishment —and in both senses. The toes were a mirror-like gloss. The soles had been stained with a sole dressing till they gleamed. Once a week, it took Jim Flanagan over two hours to shine a pair of shoes. No enlisted man's shoes in the entire company could match the company commander's. Expensive shoes—not the Navy Exchange store's specials—painstakingly rubbed with a lint-free cloth (an old skivvy shirt was excellent), the motion circular, the tip of the index finger the polishing agent, slightly dabbed with polish and a dash of water—that and desire were all it took. He loosened the laces, and holding the heel with another buffing rag so that the moisture from his hands would not touch the leather, placed both shoes under the desk—no shoe trees, they stretched the leather and cracked the shine.

Cleaning out the pockets of his pants, he circumspectly evened the trouser legs before snapping the wooden clip of the hanger. Standing in socks, shorts and skivvy shirt, he placed the telephone on the desk, one inch from the front and side. It was his favorite distance for placing things. He had reached the point where he believed he could estimate it exactly, but, of course, he never trusted himself and always used the little, white pocket ruler. Leaving the room, his mission accomplished, the door shut behind him, he entered the bathroom. Gazing at himself in the mirror, he placed the ruler at the hairline by his right temple. Not bad, just a shade over three-quarters he thought to himself. He had told the enlisted barber "Three-quarters exactly," but so few of his men understood military exactitude. His hair grew one-quarter-inch every seven days, so he would have to remember to go one day earlier next week.

In his bedroom, he rearranged some underwear in his drawer before donning an old pair of wash khakis. In the living room, he centered the four magazines on the coffee table, each a measured inch below the other. He almost reached out to finger the framed Japanese print on the wall above the divan, but then decided to abstain after another look. Walking then into the kitchen, he asked his wife about her day. She grunted, he mumbled, and with the conversational demands finished, he went out onto the cement stoop that separated the backdoor from the backyard. Of the five milkbottles there, he placed the first one painstakingly in the left front corner —the two forward sides of the milk bottle one continuous plane with the left and front side of the stoop. The remaining milk bottles he arranged in a straight line behind the initial one. When he first started arranging milk bottles, he wondered why he liked them flush with the stoop rather than set back his favorite distance. Now, however, he did it naturally, and the idea of the inch didn't bother him here.

With his ruler, he measured the grass in three places—

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it grew faster in the spring than at any other time of the year. Too high, he mused, less than two weeks' growth—well, no golf Saturday. This being Wednesday, he took out the barrels, then lined up all three, one inch back and parallel with the edge of the paved sidewalk. Now if those damn kids from next door don't come nosing around and move them, he thought, they'll be all right. His wife called him to dinner then. He went in, leaving the coupe where it was.

With Kathleen and Nancy, he ate steak, mashed potatoes and peas, since this was Wednesday. The baby played on the floor in the living room. Jim told Nancy about the Base Commander and called him a beauty; about his First Sergeant and called him an incompetent; about his executive officer and called him a sneak; and about Dick Bellevue, the civilian he sometimes drove in with, and called him a tightwad. He always did.

Immediately after dinner, Jim went outside. The driveway was a flat, tarred rectangle beside the house. A new Ford station wagon stood in the front—highly simonized, the white walls gleaming and unmarked. (They were washed with steelwool bi-weekly). The station wagon was used only for long trips or visits, which were rare, or if Nancy needed to use a car during the day, which was rarer. There were two white chalk marks in front of the driveway. Jim crouched down in front on one, and shutting an eye, lined it up with the front wheel of the station wagon. It was perfect. Nancy had said she had not had to use the car during the day, but to his dismay he had found her less than honest about this a few times in the past. It was useless to try to set the wheels of the coupe behind the station wagon, if the latter was not aligned with the chalk marks. When she used the Ford, her attempts to drive it back into the driveway were futile. She didn't have the requisite steadiness, Jim had often told her. The whole knack was to swing into the driveway, stop, back out so that the car faced directly in, open the window, and with the right eye shut, align the pole of the window frame with the chalk mark. This he now did with the coupe, using as his guidepost the barely discernible drill hole he had made at the left corner of the rear bumper of the station wagon.

After the children were in bed they watched television in the living room. Nancy asked him to switch to a concert on the other channel after the first western, but he only laughed. He liked this next one he told her. He sat in the large leather chair; she on the couch. She dropped the point and continued to try to read *Doctor Zhivago*. Jim's head nodded as the program started and within ten minutes he was asleep. Though she heard his heavy breathing, Nancy did not even consider switching channels. He slept for a half-hour before he awoke.

He got up and yawned, stretched his biceps, and thrust his hands into his pockets. "Don't make any plans for the weekend," he told her. "I'm going to cut the grass Saturday, and work on my shoes Sunday." He strode off to bed without saying good-night.

In the morning, he shaved and brushed his teeth (he never showered when he got up) before going into the dining room to dress. During the twenty minutes that this last act took him, he heard Nancy get up and go into the bathroom. Leaving, he called good-bye to her behind the closed door, and was halfway through the living room when he heard the muffled cry of his name. He ran back to the bathroom; but he knew the sight even before he wrenched open the door. Nancy sat on the floor, wrapped in her bathrobe, hugging her knees. Her face contorted savagely in the bite of the pain.

Without saying a word, or even going to her, Jim picked up the telephone. He called the baby sitter and asked her to take a cab right over and to plan to spend the entire day. Then he called the OOD at the base, and told him to tell the Colonel that his wife was having another migraine attack. He was going to require the day off to drive her into the city to see the doctor.

Jim hadn't gone more than two full weeks without requiring a day off in months, and he wondered how much further he could strain the Colonel's affection for him. The Colonel was an estimable man, though. He understood that a problem such as Jim's is inexplicable and undeserved—no reflection on his capacity as an officer.

Returning to the bathroom, he gently assisted Nancy to her feet and carried her into the bedroom so that she might try and dress herself.

THREE SHORT POEMS

I

Panting
simply from the stairs,
teeth aching, swollen veins,
I lie down to rest,
dream of games and adolescent girls.
Yes,
right to the grave
stupid dreams of loveliest things.

II

I sprayed the ants that invaded my kitchen
—now here they are, some hours dead,
in the pattern of their highway under the sink,
so rational and ruined, like a city blasted,
whose fragments show where they fed
and dwelt and labored.

III

The little boy insane
has drawn this prehistoric scene:
gray sky horizonless
in front of which two upright bugs
are holding hands
looking at the distant, long-haired sun.

George Dennison

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continued from page 11

members had been unable to read or write eighteen months earlier, members were being given special technical training in order to take over the accounting, administration, and other special functions necessary to efficient self-management. I found a tremendous sense of participation, of people making their own revolution and running their own lives, a perplexity that I should even ask whether the managers lived in better houses, ate better food, or made more money than anyone else, or whether they exerted a disproportionate influence on such questions as distribution of the profits. I found that the books were open to all the members and were discussed at membership meetings.

There is always the possibility that as the years go by a different set of INRA officials—or the same ones grown either corrupt or subservient to the government—may try to clamp down on those cooperatives that are under INRA supervision and take away the existing freedoms. But I found that the present determination of both the members and the government is to develop diversity of form and local freedom of function. In the Mariana Lopez cooperative, in Oriente, when I asked the manager about the dangers of state control, as evidenced by the early experience of the Soviet Union, he answered: "You can ask any of these fellows what they think about anything. They will tell you." (He was right, I had already asked several of them, and they had spoken with a pride and enthusiasm exhibited by few, if any, American workers.) "The trouble is that before they always looked to the big man. We got to teach them to look to themselves. Later on I go away. They have to learn to do it all by themselves." Before the Revolution, this farm had been owned by a Senator (most of the Batista politicians were businessmen-profiteers of one kind or another), who lived in a state of luxury which contrasted sharply with the squalid poverty of his workers. Now the manager is a gnarled worker who labors in the fields along with everyone else, and feels the same sense of participation in a great Revolution that the others do.

I found a similar freedom from the artificial distinctions of class and status wherever I went. In Santiago de Cuba, two Canadian TV men, who were travelling all over the island making a documentary film, confirmed my impression. They told me that they had visited an impressive fishing cooperative and found "the director" working waist-deep in muddy water. Being used to the ways of what we call "democracy," they were shocked to think that the *director* of a cooperative would be sharing in this type of work. When they expressed their surprise, they were further shocked to find that the man was the government director not of one cooperative or of one province but of the fishing industry for the whole of Cuba. After telling me this, one of the Canadians put his hands to his head and said: "This man is directing an eight-million-dollar program that has revolutionized the fishing industry and we couldn't tell him apart from the local fishermen. That's the way it is everywhere we have been."

(A second installment of this report will appear in the next issue.)

AUGUST 6, 1945

Braun, in Pennsylvania near Bethlehem,
has just leaned out on his low windowsill
that needs painting. There are cracks in it,
but so far they have let no rain through.
They can wait a little longer.
This moment is still his to use
for the pleasure of apprehending
the apple trees and two plum trees
and the napkin of bee balm
and the upended skirt of his wife
as she digs along the house side
where the white cement wall beside her
drops its curtain—everything known,
everyday, yet existing
only under a green sea of the trees
in an underwater light.
The house wall—if he leans well out,
there is the cement, rough
and in places smooth under the whitewash
bound like bread with a little salt
An apple falls. It has its part
in the nice lethargy
that all that is familiar brings
with peace.
And across the world
above a city in Japan,
behind a plane, the Enola Gay,
a barreled tube lies in the air,
the "Lean Boy" in which a fuse
at one end of the thin barrel
will fire one of two subcritical parts
into the larger part at the other end
and explode the total mass
with a light brighter than the sun
Below,
in that pretty wooden city, Hiroshima,
can it not be that a man
has just leaned on his windowsill
that needs painting, and thinks,
How beautiful everything is!
Let me enjoy it.
The rain has not yet come through the cracks.

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